

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1875.

## The Week.

OHIO has been carried against the inflationists. As we go to press this is all that can be positively stated; but the returns indicate a fair majority for the Republican ticket. The result is cause for profound rejoicing. The train of evils that might and certainly would have followed a triumph of the rag-money party could not be contemplated without the gravest anxiety, especially by those who, being on the spot, knew something of the inner counsels of that party, and of what reckless and unscrupulous material it was composed. While the campaign wore the appearance of a great argumentative struggle, the debate had but one side in which there was any show of a reasonable regard for facts, without which there is no such thing as argument. We doubtless owe the victory to the real power of public discussion of the currency question by a few honest and well-informed speakers, and to Mr. Schurz more than to any one else. It is not the first time, as Senators Morton and Sherman know, that repudiation and inflation have been fairly beaten by such discussion, but we must not deceive ourselves that it has now been done once for all. The closeness of the vote in Ohio, and the fact that the German voters alone probably prevented the defeat of the hard-money party, tell a very plain tale as to the condition of the popular mind, not only in Ohio but elsewhere. The schoolmaster is abroad; by no means let him yet be recalled.

The currency discussion has been marked during the week by an incident which is both serious and comic, but more comic than serious. Mr. Wendell Phillips wrote a letter to the "Legal-Tender Club" a week or two ago, marked by the now usual folly, inaccuracy, and ignorance of his utterances. We do not believe there is another civilized country in which it would have attracted any public notice from anybody who had any work to do. Here, however, he has been solemnly refuted in the leading newspapers, and by Mr. Hugh McCulloch, Mr. Schurz, and finally even by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the English agitator. Mr. Schurz was evidently ashamed of his task, but excused himself by alleging the pressure put on him by friends, who feared the effect of Mr. Phillips's nonsense on the ignorant and unthinking. There is probably something in this plea, but then it has to be taken into account that Mr. Phillips cannot be silenced, for his trade, in so far as he has one, is to talk, and he cannot be overthrown in argument, because he does not argue. He has never had much reasoning power, and now has almost none. He is probably more unscrupulous than he ever was, more reckless in his use of what he calls authorities and in misquotation, and at the same time fully as fluent and abusive as he has ever been. He does not understand any system or theory of currency, not even Law's, has little or no acquaintance with financial history, and apparently only reads books to pick out detached sentences, in order to give sham points or glitter to his paradoxes. Doubtless, he has influence with shoemakers and the rest of the sedentary portion of the working-classes, whose nervous system is depressed and made morbid by want of exercise; but even this he owes in no small degree to the extent to which all classes have of late years aided in dissociating rhetoric from morals, knowledge, and even common-sense. We allow a man to make a handsome living by it, on the simple condition that he shall be "brilliant" and "spicy," and encourage him to believe that there is something finer in talking nonsense on the platform than talking it at the fireside. Mr. Phillips, for instance, attended a meeting of Boston merchants not long ago, called to consider the best mode of improving transportation from that city to the West. Everybody present was of course aware that he knew no more about transportation than

any store-girl in Boston. Nevertheless, he was requested "to make a few remarks," and he arose and delivered a discourse of the utmost absurdity to this assemblage of mature business men, on their own subject, in which he made the truly kindergarten suggestion, that if they wanted easy and cheap communication with the West they should buy a railroad. In view of incidents of this kind, is it anything wonderful if what the *Springfield Republican* calls "the illiterate workingman" thinks him an authority on currency? He has replied to Mr. Schurz in a letter of which it need only be said that it is less insolent and abusive than the first one.

The election in Massachusetts promises to be a curious one. The Republicans are confident of being able to elect Mr. Rice, and point with great satisfaction to the reorganization of the State Central Committee. For some years now this committee, which procures funds and kindles enthusiasm for the campaign, has been composed of small local politicians, nominated by delegates in a loose sort of way at the annual convention. This year, however, eleven members-at-large have been added, from whose exertions and wealth a great deal is expected. As the Republican newspapers say, the issue in Massachusetts is not a paltry personal issue between Rice and Gaston, but the question to be decided at the polls is whether Republican ideas, principles, aims, and motives are to triumph, or those of the party which opposed the war, opposed Lincoln, opposed the abolition of slavery, and are now obliged to give "pledges" that they will not re-enslave the African and demand the payment of the Confederate debt. The "record" of the Democrats is certainly not very good, but whether the average voter can be properly frightened by it is still to be seen. Meanwhile, the Prohibitionists have held a convention and nominated an independent ticket, as well as the Labor Reformers, while the Woman-Suffragists are to be allowed to vote for any one they please. The "arithmetic men" will probably derive more profit from the problem than any other class.

The news from the South continues to be economically satisfactory. Everything points now to a cotton crop of some four and a half million bales, the largest ever raised; and when we reflect upon the annoying circumstances which have surrounded its planting and cultivation, we cannot but feel that the croakers and cynics who are always predicting evil to our country know little about her resources or capabilities. At the North we are accustomed to interruptions of industrial or agricultural operations from strikes, lockouts, and other difficulties between employers and employed, but we can probably form from these but a slight estimate of the embarrassment attending the production of a large cotton crop while the wholesale slaughter of the laboring population by their employers is going on. In Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, and most of the other cotton States, the brutal and ignorant whites have been chiefly occupied during the most critical periods of the past cotton year in hunting down and massacring the faithful blacks. Congressional committees have found the soil of the South strewn with corpses, and the United States was forced to do something to save the crop by reorganizing the legislature of Louisiana. Slaughtered as he has been, however, the faithful negro has dragged himself back to the cotton-field, and hoed and planted and picked without a murmur. There are few more touching instances than this on record of the force of habit and attachment to the occupations of the past. As an economical feat the production of the crop of this year is probably unsurpassed, and it is curious to notice how strikingly the present condition of the South has been depicted in the lines of the New England poet (which have been thought so unintelligible) exposing the absurdity of the "red slayer" who "thinks he slays," and the slain if he "think he be slain."

Few problems in sociology or politics have of late years received so much earnest thought and attention from our branch of the

Anglo-Saxon race as that relating to the proper treatment of the Indians. Almost every plan has been tried at one time or another, but though by means of extermination, investigation, corruption, fire-water, missionary work, and colonization some headway has been made, the solution has not been quite reached. Even General Grant, who during the past seven years has devoted a large part of his time and attention to the subject, is not perfectly satisfied with the progress that has been made. The Indian investigating commissioners, however, are now engaged in writing their report, and it is confidently expected that the problem will be finally solved in about a week. Meanwhile, we must call attention to one peculiar feature of the present condition of Indian reform, and that is the fatal effect which the efficient discharge of the duties of any office connected with Indian administration has on a man's official career. It appears from the correspondence between General Grant and Mr. Delano that the latter was retained at the head of the Interior Department, on account of his great skill and fidelity, for six months against his own desire, because of the utter impossibility of getting any one half so good to fill the place. Mr. Saville the investigations of the commission have entirely exonerated from all the charges of fraud brought against him by Professor Marsh, and yet he is going too; and Mr. Smith, whom we know (from letters that we have received about him) to be a staunch friend of the Indian, and one of the purest men now living, is going too. What is to become of the poor Indian if his friends desert him in this way we hardly know, but there are evidently some dark points about the Indian problem still.

The examination of Cheever, the lobby-agent who claims a quarter of the profits of Clews's Government financial agency, before the Registrar in Bankruptcy on Wednesday week, produced more discreditable revelations. It appears that Cheever lobbied for Clews for two years, "conferring" on the subject with nearly all the leading Republican Senators, showing that Clews, as "a wise, energetic, and trustworthy man," and as "a liberal friend of the Administration," ought to have the agency, explaining "the weakness of the other houses," and "calling attention to some errors of the Barings," and maintaining that it would not be proper to give it to Morton, Rose & Co., as "one of their partners, Sir John Rose, was a titled gentleman in England." He then, being further questioned, revealed the fact that Judge Dent, General Grant's brother-in-law, was to have one-eighth of the profits, the consideration being "his services as counsel in the matter," and "afterwards he was to act as counsel for the agency in Washington," and the worthy Clews "offered him \$25,000 to come here to New York as counsel," but he (Cheever) did not know what services Dent had ever rendered. A letter of Cheever's was also put in, pressing for payment on the ground "that he had partners to share with him." It is worth notice that the James Van Buren whose name appears in the contract as one of Clews's partners is not known to Cheever or to anybody else, and cannot be found, and there is no doubt that the name is a fictitious one, intended to cover the interest of somebody who has good reason for keeping out of sight.

We do not know what the powers of Registrars in Bankruptcy in the matter of summoning witnesses are, but we do know that no investigation of this transaction will be complete in which Mr. George S. Boutwell is not examined. The New York *Herald* has published extracts from the diary of a person evidently well informed, recording interviews with both Messrs. Seward and Boutwell in 1871, showing that the former highly disapproved of the change, and testified strongly to the manner in which the Barings had sustained the Government "during the darkest days of the war," and that Boutwell had assured them that there was no cause of complaint against them, but that it was felt necessary to give the business to two American houses recently established in London, "on account of their loyalty." Mr. Seward further said that the Barings had cashed drafts on the Government of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, for \$4,000,000, in 1862, when an account of \$50,000 with the State Department, to which a correspondent

refers in another column, was lying unpaid; and he informed Mr. Washburne during his visit to Paris that he had withdrawn his *exequatur* from Mr. Habicht, Clews's partner, when Swedish Consul in New York, for blockade-running during the war. The diary further relates that when the first bills from the Asiatic squadron drawn after the change arrived in London, and were accepted by Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., they were vainly offered for sale to the Bank of England and other banks, and were finally taken by the firm itself at nine per cent. discount; the bills of the Barings at the same time selling at three and a half per cent. It also adds that Mr. Boutwell likewise spoke in high terms of the Barings, and said "that he was not responsible for the change." Thus far, the indications are that the Simple-Minded, Sagacious Man at the White House, whom all the Republican conventions are eulogizing, had more or less to do with bringing it about.

The Supreme Court at Washington has given a woman-suffrage decision which will set at rest all doubts as to the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment on woman's "right" to the ballot. The question presented by the case was, whether the plaintiff, a woman and a citizen of the United States and the State of Missouri, has the right to vote in that State, the constitution and laws of Missouri to the contrary notwithstanding. The argument on her side was that women, being made by the amendment "citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside," have the right of suffrage as one of the "privileges and immunities" of their citizenship which cannot be abridged by the State. There is no doubt, the Court says, that women may be citizens, but the Amendment did not add suffrage to the privileges and immunities of citizens as they existed at the time of its adoption, and suffrage has at no time been one of the necessary incidents of citizenship. The opinion, delivered by the Chief-Justice, is of course conclusive, and what will probably strike most lawyers about it, is wonder that the point should ever have been raised. Every one in the country knows that the Fourteenth Amendment was not adopted for the purpose of giving women the right to vote, and the argument made to support the claim is only a shade less puerile than that which is made by some women's-rights agitators from the Fifteenth Amendment abolishing "slavery and involuntary servitude." Considering the crowded condition of the Supreme Court docket, and the vast number of really important cases which are delayed by such suits as this, it seems as if a more peremptory way of dealing with them would be better, and as if giving up precious time to the consideration of such arguments as we have just referred to might possibly lay the Court open to the charge of a "delay of justice" provided against by a much older bill of rights than the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Amendment.

Mayor Wickham has addressed a letter to all the Police Commissioners, recounting charges which have been made against them, and asking them to show cause why they should not be removed. There has been a sad dearth of news lately; and we cannot wonder at the excitement and interest manifested by the reporters, who have been watching for something of the kind since the attack made by General Smith on the Commission, when it came out that on Friday, shortly before noon, and just before the meeting of the board, the Mayor's messenger had "delivered a large envelope" to Messrs. Voorhis and Disbecker, and that it was believed that Mr. Matsell had received a similar one. The color of the envelopes was not mentioned, but it is admitted by the Commissioners that they were marked "personal." Matsell declares that after forty years' faithful service of the city he will never resign without a full investigation of the charges against him. The reorganization of the Board, and the character of the new appointees, will be a pretty good test of the virtue of Tammany, as the manipulation of the election returns will be in their hands. New York "politics" has received a new illustration during the week from the publication of a correspondence between Recorder Hackett and one of the



Tammany secretaries. The Recorder is one of the few judges in the city who is a terror to evil-doers, and has succeeded to a certain extent in remedying the laxity of the laws by the severity of his sentences, and has, we believe, kept his court quite clear from politics. Last year, however, he received a notification that Tammany would supply him with his subordinates in future. To this he replied by a peremptory refusal, and having been dropped from the Tammany ticket he has been taken up by the Republicans. The other important news in this city is a decision of the Supreme Court putting a stop to all dilatory proceedings in the six-million Tweed suit, and directing him to answer within a week. He has also been sued in another suit, in which bail has been fixed at a million, so that he probably now "represents" in one way and another a larger amount of capital than any statesman of the day. We learn from a published interview with one of his counsel that they are greatly pleased with the order requiring him to answer, and say that their answer will be in substance a general denial of "the whole story."

The price of gold declined during the week  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., partly because of the operations of the Syndicate and partly from speculative causes; moreover, gold began to arrive from Europe, \$761,560 having come from London, and the equivalent of about \$2,000,000 more having during the week been withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment. The movement, too, as between this city and San Francisco has turned in favor of New York, and it is confidently estimated that at least \$600,000 per week will be sent here from the San Francisco banks and bankers. Continued shipments from London are expected, as they entered into the calculations of the Bank of England directors when, last Thursday, they advanced the minimum discount-rate of the Bank to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. London, however, is losing gold not only to New York but to Holland, and particularly Germany; and there is reason for expecting that the Bank directors will find it necessary to advance their rate much further in the next sixty days. Foreign exchange continues feverish and fitful here, on account of the difficulties growing out of the small stock of gold in New York. These difficulties, however, have so far been removed that they must be classed as an embarrassment rather than an obstacle to the export trade. The money market is hardening, and lenders on call are generally getting 4 per cent. At noon on Saturday the value of \$100 currency was \$85 92.

The English question of the last week is a little "tiff" between the Queen and the public—the first, we believe, that has ever occurred—arising out of the sinking of the *Mistletoe* yacht by the royal steamer *Alberta* in the Solent, when three lives were lost. When the first coroner's jury, which afterwards disagreed, was sitting, the Queen wrote a letter to Prince Leiningen, the captain of the steamer, and whose conduct was therefore at that moment the subject of judicial investigation, expressing her great satisfaction with the way in which he and his subordinates had behaved at the time of the accident, and this letter he, by permission, read aloud and published. This was at the time considered an act of considerable indiscretion on Her Majesty's part, but it drew forth no comment. The jury came to no decision, though they simply differed as to the degree of blame which should be cast on the officers of the royal yacht. A second inquest was held on another body, and in this case a verdict was rendered directly censuring these officers for going at too high a rate of speed in a narrow and crowded channel, and for keeping an insufficient lookout. Indeed, it appeared clearly from their own defence that they went as fast as they could, and that they had no continuous lookout, and, as to the *Mistletoe*, took it for granted, not as rules of the sea require, that she would hold on her course, but that she would sheer off and make way for the steamer; and they insinuated that she had approached the steamer for the purpose of obtaining a view of the Queen, which the owner solemnly denied on oath, and for which in fact there appeared to be no foundation except the belief or knowledge of the Queen's officers that other yachts had done so on former occasions. The Queen

then, after the verdict was rendered, caused a letter to be written to the president of the Cowes Yacht Club, expressing her desire that members of the club should be warned against approaching too near the royal yachts for the sake of getting a view of the Queen. As this implied that this practice not only existed, but had something to do with the loss of the *Mistletoe*, in spite of the evidence, and seemed a sort of defiance of the verdict of the jury, it has caused a great deal of public irritation, and has called out much discussion in the papers as to the proper limits of royal expressions of feeling and opinion on topics of the day. The relations of royalty to the state are now delicate, and rest so much on mere sentiment and mere understanding that slight things become important. A curious illustration of the courtier state of mind was afforded in the announcement in the *Court Journal* that "the Queen spoke to Miss Peel," whose sister had been lost, and who had herself been dragged half-drowned on board the royal yacht. To the outside world this seemed a simple act of humanity, but to the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting it doubtless was an event which would figure in history.

The Ministry in England have got into another scrape not unlike the Plimsoll affair. The Admiralty has issued a circular letter of instruction to the commanding officers of war-vessels cruising in the waters of slaveholding countries, with regard to the treatment of slaves which may take refuge on board. They are told that slaves must "not be misled into the belief that they will find their liberty by getting under the British flag"; that slaves must not be permanently received on board any description of ship under the British flag, except to save their lives, for otherwise the practical result would be, "in the first instance, to encourage and assist in a breach of the law of the country, and, next, to protect the person breaking that law." In foreign ports and harbors, too, a slave must not be allowed to remain on board after it has been proved that he is legally a slave; and if on the high seas a slave escapes on board a British ship, he must, when the latter returns within the territorial limits of the country to which the ship from which he has escaped belongs, be surrendered on demand being made. As all this is a complete reversal of the policy pursued by the English navy ever since Lord Mansfield's decision in the *Somerset* case, and is almost certainly opposed to the principles of law laid down by the English courts in a long course of decisions, the circular has excited the greatest indignation, and will undoubtedly have to be withdrawn. For instance, a slave getting on board an English ship on the high seas becomes or is free, *ipso facto*, by well-settled law. The Admiralty, therefore, can give the commanding officer no authority to surrender him subsequently as a slave.

The only new feature in the Herzegovina troubles is the appearance of a letter from the Sultan to the Grand Vizier announcing that there must be reforms in that province, commanding the tax-gatherers to stop extortion and cruelty, and the judges to stop taking bribes and rendering unjust decisions. The Servian Skupshina, or assembly, has, as already announced, left the question of peace or war in the hands of the Prince by a majority of 71 to 43; so there will certainly be no interference in that quarter, and it is just as certain that there will be none in any other. But it is said that though the Turkish Government has escaped this time, it is well aware that the present régime in its western provinces cannot be allowed to last. The attempts at reform made during the last thirty years have not produced much effect anywhere, but in Bosnia and Herzegovina less than elsewhere owing to the number and fierceness of the Mohammedan landlords, whose exactions are even more dreadful than those of the state. An effort will now be made with a large military force to introduce a better state of things, but with such a civil service as that of Turkey it is sure to fail. The prevalent impression in Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, as well as in Paris and London, is that the insurrection, futile as it has proved, has revealed clearly that the Turkish Empire is near its end. No one now pretends that it has any future.

## COMMERCIAL HONOR.

THERE is a widely-received and by no means unjustifiable opinion, either that a large number of the recent failures were unnecessary, or that a large number of those who failed might have paid, had they chosen, better dividends to their creditors. It is said—though of course it cannot be said with anything like certainty or accuracy—that it is no uncommon thing for persons who have been making a good deal of money for many years past, and have drawn out the profits of their firm and invested them on their own individual account, to throw up their business when they find it unprofitable, offer their creditors a composition made up of the few remaining assets of the partnership, and then retire and live handsomely, or begin anew on their private fortunes, which they treat as if they are not and ought not to be affected by their commercial liabilities. Whatever be the nature of the process, it is certain that bankruptcy has now few terrors for business men; that the name among us is not surrounded by the dismal concomitants with which the literature of the Old World has made us familiar; that to many of our traders it means not ruin but relief, not an increase but a diminution of care, and is not by any means attended with permanent loss of credit.

Some of those who are commenting on it are, however, making a mistake in supposing that this state of things is anything new, or is a special product of the present crisis, or argues any recent or serious deterioration of commercial morals. On the contrary, men's readiness to fail and the slightness of the reprobation with which failure is visited, have been a striking feature in American commercial history ever since the beginning of the century; and they took their rise not in any special depravity in our traders, but in the economic condition of the country. One of their most prominent causes has been the constant effort to substitute paper-money for gold and silver, which began in colonial times and has lasted down to our day, and which necessarily, owing to the number and variety of the schemes resorted to, gave business an aleatory character, and made unfortunate and inevitable failures so common as to render the distinction between them and voluntary or fraudulent failures very hard to make. Another has been the stimulus given to speculation by the settlement of the West, which began vigorously after the invention of steam-boats, and diffused and often justified the most extravagant hopefulness with regard to the future, and made it very difficult to decide whether a bankrupt had been trading on rational or chimerical expectations. Another still has been that disinclination to cry over spilt milk which is so marked a feature in the national temperament, and is doubtless a necessary product of a long and successful struggle with the trials and difficulties of colonial life in a new country. An American is restrained from making a great fuss over his debtor's bankruptcy, and enquiring curiously into its causes, by much the same philosophy which forbids his sitting down in despair if his house is burnt down or if he loses his fortune. He regards the failure of those with whom he deals as one of the calamities of life which he is sorry for, but has no time to weep or swear over. The debtor may be dishonest, but he is unwilling to spend time investigating him. The more he has lost by him, the more precious his own time has become, so he lets him run, and thanks God he is rid of a knave. To make a great noise over him, and see whether a few dollars more cannot be extracted from him, he thinks imprudent as well as unmanly.

The moral duty of hunting down the fraudulent bankrupt sits lightly on him, too, partly because of the difficulty, which we have already mentioned, of drawing the line between honest anticipation and reckless or knavish speculation in a state of business which was at best highly speculative; and partly because of the strong disinclination to assume a position of moral as well as other superiority to one's neighbors which came in with the Jeffersonian Democracy. The hostility to all forms of social and political superiority could hardly last long without producing more or less hostility to all claims to moral superiority also. Men became as chary about saying or thinking that they were holier than their neighbors

as about saying or thinking that they were more valuable socially or politically; and getting into a rage over one's neighbor's transgressions is necessarily an assumption of greater holiness. It is tantamount to saying that, under the same circumstances, you would not have done the same thing, which is something a good Democrat does not like to say. The work of moral reprobation and denunciation therefore became largely professional work. It was done in the pulpit, and as long as aimed at an abstraction called "the sinner" or "the corruptionist" was not resented, but anybody who attempted to direct it against A or B was apt to be accused of giving himself airs.

And then the sentiment of equality brings with it a strong sympathy with the trials of life, and a strong sense of one's own exposure to them, which make an American unwilling to sit in judgment on a man with whom life has not gone well, and who, whether by folly or fault, has failed in doing the thing he set out to do. The bankrupt, it is true, may be more of a knave than anything else, but popular feeling is, on the whole, readier to have many knaves prosper than to press hard on one honest man when in difficulties. So that, in one way or another, our bankrupts get on very well; and the more dishonest they are, the better for them, as creditors are almost invariably willing, and have been willing for a long time, to accept their statements as to what they can pay. The good old stories of the man who said "he *always* paid twenty-five cents on the dollar," and of the man who said his assets would produce that amount for his creditors and "that if they did not he would make it up out of his own pocket," are not by any means stories produced by the late panic or by the war or paper-money. They are at least fifty years old, and draw their humor from a state of morality which is older still. And yet it must not be inferred from the lightness with which bankruptcy is and has long been regarded among us that commercial dishonesty is more prevalent here than in Europe. On the comparative honesty of the two regions the statistics of failures or compositions with creditors would afford us little or no information, and, in fact, this is a matter which might well be used as an illustration of the way imperfect statistics may deceive. To ascertain the condition of morals in a trading community, we have not only to examine the lists of those who do not pay their debts, but to ascertain the extent to which credit is granted on mere character or parole assertions. There is no question whatever that it is thus granted here four or five times more freely than in England or on the European continent; that a young man starting in business here finds it four or five times easier to borrow capital than he would find it in London or Paris or Berlin; and a man of any age, who has broken down, ten times easier to obtain help and encouragement in beginning anew. The amount of business done—that is, of money and goods parted with—in American trade on mere impressions or on general confidence in human nature, would probably appall an English or German banker or wholesale dealer, even in the present reckless days. In fact, the very peculiarities of temperament, whether we call them virtues or defects, which make an American loath to deal hardly with a bankrupt, make him ready to give credit without much enquiry or on unsatisfactory evidence of good faith. The temptations, therefore, to which a man of easy virtue is exposed in this country are very great, far greater than those with which his European brother has to contend. In the first place, he gets funds with far less difficulty and on a shorter and more doubtful "record"; in the next, he knows in case he fails the penalty will not be serious. It will probably not strip him of all he has, or involve rigid enquiry into his mode of doing business, or injure his reputation among his friends. But even if it does, he has the habit of changing his abode, or is used to the spectacle of frequent migration, and has a vast continent before him where, without encountering "new skies" or "strange vegetation," and under the shelter of his own flag, he may try his fortune once more. Considering, in short, the conditions of trade among us, and the strange elements which enter into our population, the great variety in educational antecedents which mark it, and the numerous differences in its standards of morality, the wonder is that the American Bank-



rupt is as honest as he is. That he should so often pay twenty-five cents on the dollar, and should so frequently of late have shown a disposition to concede even thirty-three and one-third, we look upon indeed as a remarkable proof of his magnanimity and tender-heartedness. He need not pay over five cents, and could by a little firmness make ten cents seem liberal. Under these circumstances, there is to us something infinitely pathetic in the care with which he invariably leaves some assets for his creditors to sit on and appraise. There is something, too, very touching in the way in which the creditors turn them over and contemplate them, as if they really were all that a sternly virtuous and eminently prudent and heroic man could have saved out of the wreck of his enterprises, and in which they clap him on the back, after he has agreed to pay his dividend, and wish him success in his new ventures.

#### THE MEETINGS AT THE HAGUE.

THE recent meetings at the Hague of the two associations for the consideration and reform of international law, do not seem to have been as productive of practical results as could have been wished. We say as could have been wished, for, in the case of a meeting of jurists, philanthropists, and reformers who expect by their deliberations to produce results in practical affairs, the suspicion and disfavor which failure brings with it tell with an unfortunate effect upon the reforms advocated by them, whether good or bad, and, by a natural reaction, upon reforms and reformers in general. The conferences at the Hague would perhaps have been more valuable had they been confined to the members of one body of reformers only; but, as there has been a double series, one held by the Institute of International Law, and the other by what is known as the Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law, the general difficulties of any agreement on the disputed points of the law of nations seem to have been gratuitously increased by the absence of any final authority capable of arriving at a settled decision, even of a theoretical character. The great difficulty with the reform of international law is the absence of what lawyers call a sanction, or, in other words, a penalty for the non-enforcement of its rules regularly enforced by some competent tribunal. As if to parody this defect, we find the Institute and the Association entering with full sovereign powers on the reformatory field, very much as two sovereign states do on the actual field: both with equal powers and rights, both founded at about the same time, both seeking to reform international law, both holding annual meetings in the same places about the same time, and neither possessing the final right to decide anything. It is all well enough as long as they agree, but if they differ, who is to decide between them? The Institute has adopted in the main the "three rules" of the Treaty of Washington. As to whether the Association agrees to this we are still left in doubt, which is not at all cleared away by the fact that the two governments which adopted them have never yet been able to agree upon their meaning, while two or three of the Continental powers are understood to be opposed to them, except on conditions which to maritime powers would be inadmissible. Again, the new war code brought forward by Russia (the object of which is to place Providence definitively on the side of the heaviest battalions, by outlawing, and placing beyond the pale of moral approval, all partisan levies and irregular troops which have the audacity to take arms for the defence of their country against a foreign invader armed and equipped in the orthodox manner) has been approved by the Institute but apparently rejected by the Association, while the English members of the Institute have protested against a resolution in favor of the general inviolability of merchant vessels in time of war, on the ground chiefly that on land an invading enemy has, in the right of "requisition," a means of plunder and oppression compared with which the right to capture merchant vessels is a mere bagatelle—and that this right of requisition is by recent practice firmly established, and will be very likely, in the next European war, to play a part hitherto undreamt of in deciding the contest. Of the two,

the Association holds itself out as the practical working body, and yet, beyond the passage of a resolution "rejoicing in the fact" that so many national legislatures have "sanctioned the principle of arbitration," we cannot make out that the Association has accomplished anything.

It is not, however, for the purpose of discussing unsettled points in the law of nations that we now refer to the meetings at the Hague and their failure, but to call attention to the fallacy which usually underlies such attempts, and will always be apt to lead to such failures. The mistake which the philanthropists, jurists, and reformers who are now engaged upon this subject make is that they seem resolutely determined to close their eyes to what the law of nations really is. They always approach the subject as if it were a body of rules, generally admitted, recognized, and acted upon, but which, through the merest inadvertence, our ancestors had neglected to provide any means of enforcing. It is, however, no law at all, in the sense in which the word is familiar to us, because though it is, in the old-fashioned phraseology of Blackstone, a "rule of action prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong," it is not a rule of action issued by any one as a command who has power at his back sufficient to enforce his commands. It has no legislatures, no statutes, no courts, no sheriffs, no *posse comitatus*. It is merely a body of opinion and custom which has grown up through the modern intercourse of nations, which has no sanction or penalty attached to its non-enforcement, except the public opinion of civilized mankind. The rules of international law which are laid down in Grotius or Wheaton have grown up with the gradual rise of modern states and the amelioration of morals and manners; and down to within a recent period no attempt whatever has been made to invent or prepare in caucus beforehand international rules, and then persuade nations to adopt them as being in themselves intrinsically good and "advanced." The gradual change from the barbarities of mediæval warfare to the humanity of the modern battle-field, with its hospital-tents and sanitary commissions and scientific surgery, has come from the general amelioration of manners and the general disappearance of cruelty and bloodthirstiness. The modern recognition of the right of expatriation has come from the modern custom of emigration induced by the general introduction of safety and ease in travelling and the opening of new countries to settlement, and to the same cause we may perhaps attribute the disappearance of the once hotly-contested "right of search," which, on abstract grounds, is as right—or as wrong—to-day as it ever was. The modern opposition to privateering, the disappearance of the right to poison wells and clothing, the humane treatment of prisoners, have all come from a general increase in the spirit of humanity, just as distinctly as the immense development of the rights of neutrals has come from the immense extension of modern commerce. In other words, the rules of international law, as they have arisen, have grown gradually out of a changed condition of facts and the application of an improved system of morality to those facts. The fundamental doctrine of international law—the equality of sovereign states—without which the science, as it is called, would have no existence, would yet be unknown to the profoundest thinker on such subjects, were it not that this equality began as an actual fact, and was merely recognized as a fact by those who first began to consider the rights and duties of nations.

International law is, indeed, nothing more than a public branch of morals, and the same general body of opinion is the only final authority in one as in the other. Now, in ethics it would be at once recognized as somewhat of an absurdity for a body of distinguished clergymen, leading fathers of families, and editors to get together and hold a convention for the study and reform of morals over the world. Yet there is really much greater reason why this should be done than that a number of jurists and philanthropists should undertake to amend and codify the law of nations. It would be beginning at the fountain-head of all reform, and would immediately and directly affect international law, without the necessity of Vattel's "falling on any one's toes." A convention in mediæval times

which should have discussed the question whether it was necessary to do unto others as we would be done by, and got the world to adopt their conclusions, would have made the custom of sacking cities in times of war an absolute impossibility; and a convention which should have formally adopted the love of one's neighbor as one's self as the basis of its operations, and secured its ratification in daily life by the leading mediæval governments, would have sent international law forging ahead, so that Wheaton would probably have been written early in the XVth century, and there would be, by this time, hardly any open questions left in the "science," except perhaps here and there such a one as, for instance, whether it is allowable to use deceit for the concealment of military operations, or whether it is fair to take advantage of superior force on the field of battle. No such attempt as this was ever made, because, in those modest days, it had not occurred to any one that, by putting the cart where the horse ought to be, the progress of civilization would be at all advanced.

To put the matter in another way—the persons upon whom international law is brought to bear are governments and their servants. Governments, and their ministers, and generals, and ambassadors, and consuls require to keep them in order very strong forces, inasmuch as they are very powerful themselves. Thus far only two things have been found sufficiently strong to affect them—war and, in modern times, public opinion. Now, it is the intention of the philosophers and professors who have taken the matter in hand to do away with the first and substitute for it arbitration, and of course, if this is to be done, the power of the only remaining substitute must be very much increased in order to render it at all effectual. There are, to be sure, some subjects on which civilized mankind has made up its mind so thoroughly that no government can resist it. The slave-trade, for instance, could not be revived in Europe or America by any government, however strong. But on the great number of topics of international law there is no such agreement, and it is precisely such unsettled points as these that the professors and jurists meet to discuss. On these there is no public opinion, and the settlement arrived at amounts to nothing more than the individual sentiment of a number of public-spirited gentlemen. That such men as Gortchakoff and Bismarck, or General von Moltke, will be governed by their decision is simply a delusion. To take a single instance: Russia has proposed a new war code which rules out of any future wars all irregular troops. It makes no sort of difference whether this is approved or disapproved by any association or number of associations, because the first country which finds it inconvenient will disregard it. No government having a large number of able-bodied men who can be turned let us say into "minute-men," will, on being invaded, throw up its hands and exclaim, "What a pity that the 49th rule of the 3d article of Dr. Miles's code prevents us from using them! If we only could use them, we might beat"; but will, on the contrary, drill every man it can find, and beat if it can. The abolition of privateering, it will be remembered, broke down on the very first occasion—the war of the Rebellion—on which it became important for a government to use privateers; and the rule of "free goods, free ships," solemnly laid down at Paris in 1856, seems likely to disappear in the first war in which a maritime power is engaged.

If there were any signs in politics of a disposition on the part of the leading modern powers to abandon the resort to force as the ultimate method of deciding international disputes, this would be pretty clear evidence of a distinct change in the condition of public sentiment. It might then fairly be said that, the world being about to enter upon a period of peace and good-will, the settlement of all difficulties and the reconciliation of all conflicting interests must be brought about by discussion, by agitation, by congresses and associations for the reform of international law. But there are no such signs. On the contrary, all the facts point the other way. With an exception of the United States, which is fortunate enough to be isolated by its position from the rest of the world, all the chief modern powers are exhausting their energies and ingenuity in preparations for war on a gigantic scale; and these preparations are

made in such a way and on such a scale as to make war in the future much more popular and general than ever before. In the last century there were, it is true, standing armies, but now all Europe is a standing army. The most active minds, too, of the present day are engaged, not upon the problem of doing away with war, but of making war more terrible by overwhelming combinations, while a great part of the inventive genius for which the age is so celebrated, instead of being bent on turning swords into ploughshares, is devoted to the discovery and perfection of new engines of war. Under these circumstances, the notion that there is any tendency among nations to submit themselves to an international code, or that if they did they would abide by it, is absurd.

We say all this without the slightest desire to throw cold water on attempts to reform international law. But, in the main, any improvement which does not have behind it an immense weight of public opinion will necessarily be nugatory, because the force on its side will be insignificant by the side of the selfish and interested forces against it. The growth of public opinion must be slow, and agitation of it may be overdone. The danger of associations for the reform of international law is that, having no power except what they may derive from the support of governments, they will, instead of guiding, be guided, and, like so many other bodies organized for public purposes, will end by being "captured" by some of the very governments which undertake to support them. The great interest shown by Russia in these conferences, together with her remarkable professions of humanity and philanthropy, point, it has been said, in this way, and we fear that a suspicion of this kind will be likely to do the same kind of harm to the cause that suspicion of the "capture" of reformers by the "corruptionists" does in domestic politics.

#### THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

Dijon, September 24.

THE history of Italy has never been so well told as by Sismondi. The title he gave his work was 'The History of the Italian Republics.' But the Italian Republics had little in themselves of true republican institutions or principles. I have always thought that the history of Italy would be more living, more true, more dramatic, if it were condensed in a series of histories of some remarkable families. Take, for instance, the Medici in Florence. How can the history of Florence be better told than by showing the progress and the downfall of the great family which, sprung from an apothecary's shop, rose so high finally that it could put the French *fleurs-de-llys* on its coat-of-arms, together with the round pills which still spoke of its modest beginning? Such histories of great races would be also the history of art, for the memory of the Medici can never be severed from the magnificent work of Michael Angelo in Florence. The Visconti are another and perhaps an even more extraordinary typical family. Their lives would illustrate the history of Italy better than dry accounts of facts, battles, and treaties. History, thus written in the biographical form, would not only give us the true value of the Darwinian theory in the field of human thought and action, it would really represent the state of Italy after the Middle Ages, when, in the absence of any great centralizing power, individual thought and action became predominant.

I look in vain in history for such a patron of art as this Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who planned and executed three monuments like the Duomo of Milan, the Certosa of Pavia, the Great Hospital of Milan. How could he find the means to undertake such gigantic works? He must have spent untold sums of money in order to realize his admirable dreams. I was looking a few days ago, at Turin, at the manuscripts of the library, which used to be the Royal Library when Turin was the capital of Piedmont. Among the manuscripts bought by Charles Albert there is one made for this same Gian Galeazzo which is the gem of the library. It is most exquisite, and contains as many as three hundred miniatures. At a public sale such a book would now fetch a fabulous price. Visconti was a devotee of art, an inspirer; and wherever he looked you will find some *chef-d'œuvre*. Nothing can exceed the original beauty of the Certosa of Pavia, which may be said to be his work, as he was in constant communication with the artists who planned and executed it. It was the fashion for all the great families to have a sort of Saint Denis. The Dukes of Burgundy had their Chartreuse outside of Dijon, where their magnificent tombs were under the guard of the friars. The Dukes of Milan had their Saint Denis



near Pavia. The Visconti were originally the lords of Pavia. Gian Galeazzo made a donation to the Church of a part of the park of Mirabello, the same in which was fought, later, the famous battle of Pavia, where François I., after a long struggle, was obliged to surrender. He laid the first stone of the new church in 1396, and in his will, written in Melegnano in 1402, he confirmed his donation.

It is very easy to go to the Certosa from Milan; the railway brings you in less than an hour to a station called the Certosa; ten minutes' walk brings you then along the high wall of the convent to a curious door, covered with frescoes, which are not quite defaced yet, though they have lost much of their original freshness. This door leads into a sort of gallery, which is also covered with frescoes. There are two of great beauty, which are the work of Bernardino Luini. It is impossible not to recognize at once the works of this painter, who forms with Leonardo da Vinci a school remarkable for some permanent traits, such as the ideality and mysterious character of the faces, a peculiar method in shading them which produces a sort of semi-chiaroscuro, the great nobility and distinction of the attitudes, and the simplicity of the draperies. There is great pleasure in arriving at such a close acquaintance with a painter as to be able to say at once, when you see one of his works, This belongs to him. You can hardly form such an acquaintance out of Italy. Luini and Leonardo must be studied in Lombardy, as Bellini, Veronese, and Tintoretto in Venice. Borgognone cannot be known out of the Certosa of Pavia. This great man, born at Fossano, and known under the names of Ambrogio da Fossano or of Borgognone (which was evidently only a surname), was at the same time a painter and an architect. As a painter he was not without merit; he has a certain dryness; but his color is good and his drawing full of energy and of life. His best pictures are to be seen in the various chapels of the Church of the Certosa; the best, in my opinion, is one representing Saint Syrus, the first Bishop of Pavia. Borgognone painted a great quantity of the frescoes which cover the vaults of the church, but he surpassed himself when he drew the plans of the celebrated façade, which is one of the gems of the artistic world. When you pass the great porch and enter the huge court, the façade rises before you, and you are struck at once by the beauty of its proportions, the elegance of its windows, the majesty of the principal door. Time has thrown a sort of pink tinge (by decomposing the iron, I suppose) over the beautiful Carrara marble of which the whole façade is made. The monotony of the white color is broken by the shadows, by many incrustations of precious stones, red and green porphyries, and the little bronze medallions which have been stuck here and there. The more you approach, the more you are struck by the richness and abundance of the details; but the great art of the architect is shown in the fact that the details never destroy the character of the whole: they never conceal the style of the monument.

No description can do justice to the marvellous beauty of this sculptured façade; it is a world of its own. The eye, wherever it looks, falls on what might be called a picture in stone, and each of these pictures has the grace of a Fra Angelico. You are struck everywhere by the curious contact of Christian beauty and of pagan recollections. This façade marks the very beginning of the Renaissance, the time when Italy married the Sibyls to the prophets, when she took pride in all the memories of antiquity without ceasing to be Catholic. In some medallions in stone you see scenes which may be called purely Roman, naked forms of men struggling, and so on; while in others the human form is still enveloped in the costumes of the Renaissance. A series of medallions, quite on the lower part of the monument, represents the series of the Roman warriors and emperors. I can hardly insist enough on this curious collision of classic memories and of Christian and ideal aspirations, as this marriage is characteristic of the school of art which produced in Italy the finest works. There are defects in what came before, other defects in what came afterwards; all is perfect during the time of this curious union. The façade, in all its charming details, is, as I have said, a whole world. How many men have worked at it—Antonio Amadeo of Pavia; Marco Agrate; Agostino Busti, called Bambaia; Cristoforo Solari; the admirable Giacomo della Porta, one of the greatest sculptors of all times; Cristoforo Romano, and others. Whoever would have at a glance a correct view of the Alps need only go to Chamounix and to Zermatt. Whoever would see the genius of the Italian Renaissance in all its perfection, need only stop an hour before the façade of the Certosa.

Inside of the church there are some parts which are also, so to speak, gems of the Renaissance inserted in the garment of the ancient architecture. There is, first of all, the tomb of Gian Galeazzo; this tomb is very famous; it is all in white marble. The stern face of the great warrior-artist has not been much flattered; you would recognize it amongst a thou-

sand by its long, pointed nose and by the pointed beard. Visconti sleeps under the vault of a monument which has six bas-reliefs, representing the principal events of his life. The artists who achieved this monument were Amadeo of Pavia, Giacomo della Porta, and Cristoforo Romano. The other gems are two doors leading from the central part of the church into the old and into the new sacristy; one has the medallions of seven Dukes of Milan on it, and the other bears the medallions of their seven wives. In the choir there are two magnificent marble walls on each side of the altar. These walls are sculptured, and represent many subjects, which form horizontal divisions, similar to the superposed stories of a house. The beauty of some of these marble pictures, for they are really pictures, is truly extraordinary.

How much more there is to admire—the font at which the priests wash their hands before saying mass, the doors issuing from the church into the two long cloisters, the cloisters themselves with their terra-cotta ornaments. From these cloisters (there are two, one small and the other very large) you see the architecture of the church to great advantage. How simple and beautiful it appears! There are stories of arcades rising one above the other; the materials of this part are simple—you see nothing but the white of the stone or the chalk, and the red of the bricks and the terra-cotta; but the smiling sun casts charming shadows, and the whole scene has an indescribable harmony. The friars allowed us to take luncheon in one of the rooms of the buildings which surround the great square leading to the façade. We had brought our provisions from Milan, as there is no inn near the Certosa. Through the open windows we could see the radiant façade, with its delicate ornaments and its mystic beauty. Nothing in such a place speaks of the vanity of things, nothing of death, not even the tomb of Gian Galeazzo. There is too much beauty in this abode of art. The poor friar alone, with his emaciated face, he who lives, speaks of death. I had the same impressions in the Certosa of the Dukes of Burgundy. Of all the tours which I have made in Italy, I remember few which have given me as much satisfaction as this visit to the Certosa of Pavia. The place is so solitary that a few hours spent in it are like a leap into the past ages. I returned with regret to Milan and its busy streets, its new statues of Cavour, and its noisy gallery, where all the inhabitants seem to congregate every day—a pandemonium of noise, smoke, newspapers, and vulgar shops; and I wondered, as I was lounging in the evening under the inevitable arcade, whether anybody in the crowd had in him the soul of a Gian Galeazzo.

## Correspondence.

### DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

"It ought to be . . . disgraceful and ridiculous in our day and generation for a grown man to go about . . . trying to persuade people that good money could be manufactured by a printing-press. . . ."

"The impossibility of dispensing with gold and silver as a measure of value ought to be by this time settled as one of the . . . facts . . . which are only questioned in lunatic asylums."—*Nation*, Sept. 30, 1875.

I doubt not that sagacious men quite generally agree to oppose further inflation of our "legal-tender" currency, but I am not yet able to accept all the propositions by which the *Nation* and other strong writers lead up to and fortify this conclusion. I write as an enquirer, however, not as a controversialist.

Does not a valid distinction lie between a *measure* of value, like gold, and *legal tender*? Agreeing that gold is the measure of value that has attained an almost world-wide acceptance, does it follow that gold should therefore be the only legal tender, and that all currencies or other debt-certificates of whatever kind should be "redeemable in gold" only? I detect in the general flow of commerce phenomena which I will call closed circles—*i.e.*, circles of exchange within which the same currency may revolve for ever, independently of gold. Such circles are, indeed, little short of countless. Some of them are very small, as, for instance, the dealings of a grocer with his milkman; the grocer taking five dollars' worth of milk-tickets and crediting the milkman accordingly, and the milkman redeeming his tickets in milk—gold meanwhile serving the use of a measure both of the groceries and the milk.

Am I safe in asserting that wherever a closed circle like this can be demonstrated there is need of neither gold nor silver as legal tender? True, if either party die and the business be wound up by strangers, then must come in an outside currency. But so long as the milkman and the grocer

them in the centennial celebration of the battle of Fort Moultrie, fought June 28, 1776. This will involve forgetting a later incident associated with Fort Moultrie; but then we forgot last June that Toombs meant to call a slave-roll on Bunker Hill.—The *Atlantic Monthly's* "special attractions" for next year include very few new writers. Mr. Howells begins next month a New England story, called "Private Theatricals"; Mrs. Kemble's charming "Old Woman's Gossip" will run on; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, jr., will write with authority on Railroads, as Mr. Henry C. Lea will on Witchcraft. The magazine will continue to be a debating ground for opposite opinions on questions of public interest, such as free-trade, currency, the Catholics and the schools, etc.—The Rev. Edward D. Neill's latest brochure is an abstract, with notes, of M. Pierre Margry's articles in the *Moniteur Universel* on 'Sieur de la Verendrye and his Sons, the Discoverers of the Rocky Mountains' (Minneapolis). A native of Canada, this adventurer was the offspring of a marriage in which the wife was only twelve years of age.—Dr. James Read Chadwick has reprinted in an elegant manner (Riverside Press) his translation, which first appeared in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* for June 17, of two letters on 'The Climate and Diseases of America' by Dr. Johann David Schoepff. The writer was eminent in his day among the medical profession, and came over to this country during the Revolution as surgeon of the Anspach-Bayreuth mercenaries. He was an unfriendly but an honest and capable observer, and these letters lead one to wish that his narrative of travels in the Middle and Southern States, published seven years later (Erlangen, 1788), were equally accessible to English readers. Dr. Chadwick's translation and illustrative foot-notes are of the best.—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'The Philosophy of Religion,' by President John Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin; and 'Faith and Modern Thought,' by Prof. R. B. Welch, of Union College. In describing, by the way, the Messrs. Putnam's 'Family Atlas,' we stated but a part of the truth when we said that it was composed of the several student's-atlases already issued by that house. It really contains all their maps, and as many more which belong peculiarly to the 'Family Atlas'; and the letterpress has been considerably extended. It will, therefore, be found still more handy and valuable than we had suggested it would be.—The article on *Poker* in the new 'American Cyclopaedia,' we observe, quotes Gen. Schenck as the standard authority. Another, but a Democratic politician, Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, furnishes the article on *Piquet*.—J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press a brief treatise on 'Punctuation,' by Prof. Joseph A. Turner; 'The Kiss: in History, Fiction, Poetry, and Anecdote,' by C. C. Bombaugh; 'The Prose Miscellanies of Heinrich Heine,' translated by S. L. Fleishman; and two volumes of poetry—'The Roll Call,' by George Johnson; and 'American Boyhood,' by Horace P. Biddle.—We learn that J. H. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have engaged Prof. Henry Coppee, an old West-Pointer and well-known author of military works, to edit and annotate their forthcoming translation of the Comte de Paris's 'History of the Civil War.' The same house will shortly issue 'Lectures delivered in America in 1874,' by the late Canon Kingsley, edited by his widow.

—Additional announcements of English publications embrace a review by Matthew Arnold of objections to his 'Literature and Dogma,' in a volume bearing the more direct title of 'God and the Bible'; a new work in the series of biographical studies by John Morley, on 'Diderot'; 'Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne,' by F. W. Wyon; extracts, edited by Dr. Doran, from the correspondence of Sir Horace Mann and Walpole, called "'Mann" and Manners at the Court of Florence, 1748-86'; the prose works of Sidney Dobell, edited by Prof. Nichol; 'Forty Years' Recollections,' by Dr. Charles Mackay; 'Poems, Essays, and Speeches,' by the King of Sweden; 'Don Carlos and the Basques,' by Mr. MacGahan; and the following books of travel: 'Explorations in Australia'—the three remarkable expeditions of John Forrest, narrated by himself; 'Eighteen Months' Wandering in Western Isles and Eastern Highlands,' by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming; 'Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo,' by Capt. R. F. Burton; and translations of Edward Mohr's 'Victoria Falls of the Zambesi' and of Lieut.-Col. Prezhnevsky's 'Travels in Mongolia,' with annotations by Col. Yule. Translations also of Von Reumont's 'Lorenzo de' Medici' and of Claretie's 'Camille Desmoulins' are announced—the former by Robert Harrison, the latter by Mrs. Cashed Hoey.

—A clergyman among our subscribers asks our aid in exposing an annual bore whose circular he encloses. This is none other than the "Great American Literary Association" of Yellow Springs, Ohio, which, "as its name implies," says the impudent circular, "has a widespread reputation." It further says of itself that it is "the oldest and only permanent

and reliable institution of the kind in the United States, having stood the test for many years." It has "a corps of able and experienced writers that enables us to furnish applicants, on short notice, with all kinds, styles, and grades of literary exercises, consisting of essays, lectures, orations, sermons, salutatories, valedictories, poems, abstracts, reviews, critiques, translations, etc." "Applicants must state the occasions on which they wish to deliver the exercises, and such exercises will be written suitable and appropriate [sic]; and also, whether a strictly first-class production is desired." In the latter case more time must be allowed, and the "moderate charges" are presumably higher. Profiting by a "special announcement" to this effect—"We would caution the public against several bogus literary bureaus and cabinets, originated by irresponsible parties, unworthy in character and mental ability"—we beg to call the attention of the government of Antioch College to the Great American Literary Association, as answering to the above description, and as having a dangerous proximity to their institution; and to the inference likely to be drawn from the statement that "all who have been in connection with the 'American Association' and those in connection with it now, are graduates, and consequently, having gone through 'the mill,' know just what kind of exercises students need and desire." The one or at most two persons at the bottom of this fraud can probably be detected making liberal use of the College library.

—The *Telegrapher* of this city expresses the surprise which every American must have felt on reading the opening address of Sir John Hawkshaw at the late Bristol meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science. In his review of the progress of telegraphy, the part played in it by the United States was absolutely ignored; and yet, as the *Telegrapher* points out, our American instruments of transmission have largely superseded in England the native contrivances, while within a comparatively short period we have contributed to the practical development of the science the public and the automatic private fire alarm telegraph systems; the various printing instruments which paved the way for the American stock-quotation telegraph system; the district-telegraph system, an invaluable addition to the police of towns and cities; and the duplex and quadruplex instruments for the simultaneous transmission of messages in opposite directions on the same wire. Moreover, in this field as in others, American invention fairly overleaps itself. While the dispute was still raging as to the ownership of the patents which enable a telegraph company to double and quadruple its capacity without increasing its wire mileage, Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, had brought out what he calls his electro-harmonic apparatus, which seems capable of indefinite extension, and promises to throw quite into the shade Paganini's performances upon a single string. He has just proved by actual experiment between Boston and New York that four messages can be sent simultaneously in one direction over a single wire, and is now engaged in doubling his apparatus, so as to transmit eight messages at one time. It is confidently believed that sixteen messages are practicable, and that even this limit is far from being a final one. The transmission, too, may take place in opposite directions without interference. The principle of this wonderful invention consists in communicating to the wire the vibrations of an electrotome or "sounder" tuned to a certain pitch. At the other end, a sounder correspondingly tuned catches up these vibrations and hums responsively, and the interruptions (made by breaking and closing the circuit) which constitute a message are repeated with equal fidelity. What remains to be discovered is how many composite tones a wire will transmit, or, in other words, how many sounders, each of a different pitch, can be employed. But an invention which already, we may say, multiplies by sixteen the wire mileage not of a company but of the world, is certainly worthy of mention at the next meeting of the British Association.

—America is frequently reproached for the slenderness of its dramatic literature, but we do not believe that all Europe can show a greater curiosity than a play just published in this city by F. W. Christern. 'Charles Rovellini: a Drama of the Disunited States of North America.' By Joseph Rocchietti, from Casale Monferrato, has five pages of dedication to the "spirits of my dear sons John and Charles," followed by ten pages of preface. The play is preceded by this "argument":

"Colonel Anthony and Mrs. Charlotte Rovellini, both from Massachusetts, had a son and a daughter. Charles, the first-born, and the protagonist of this drama, was betrothed to Miss Virginia Holmes, a rich young lady of the South. During the dictatorship of Abraham Lincoln, the Rovellini family lived in New York. Mother, son, and daughter were patriotic worshippers of their sacred Constitution of the United States of North America. The father was a Tory, sympathizing with American aristocracy, or falsely called Republicans. Family dissension is the subject of Act I.; the despotic draft, Act II.; Act III., the desertion of Charles; a



martial trial, Act IV.; and Act V., the death of Charles and Virginia, with reconciliation in heaven."

This would seem to suggest a cross between the *autos sacramentales* of the Spaniards and the *Tendenzroman* of the Germans; but the view of heaven promised in the argument is omitted in the play, which mostly consists of long tirades, in which Mr. Charles Rovellini from Massachusetts denounces the wickedness of the North in fighting the war of the Rebellion. In his polemical preface the author informs us that he "attempted to publish this drama even under the terror of Lincoln." He acknowledges, however, "that, and even, had this work been published in that time, it could not save the country, for the reason that the whole Northern States, against the South, had culminated to blind madness." The author further says he is a naturalized Italian who lives in Linden, Union County, N. J., where he was elected school-superintendent by the Democrats during Lincoln's Administration, but was unable to hold the office, as he could get no one to act as security. So it was given to a Republican, whereupon Mr. Rocchietti wrote many letters. "Mr. Ben. Wood honored" him by publishing one of them. Mr. M. Pomeroy published some of them also, but, it appears, not the best. "In him I did not find the Democrat I expected." But this preface, curious as it is, is not as curious as the play itself. It is written in blank verse, of which this is a sample (p. 28):

"Traitor, rebel  
With Charles, therefore, am I. Deceived we all  
By this administration, are. Myself  
A shield will be to Charles. Against the laws  
Of liberty he is drafted. Wishes not  
Nor he can, against the brothers of Virginia,  
Her friends and father, fight; betrothed to her  
Is Charles. You hope in vain to change his heart."

—An editorial article in the *Boston Advertiser* of October 1 is worthy of notice, and may, perhaps, serve as a text from which to preach a short sermon. All will admit that a knowledge of the area of the different States and Territories which, together, constitute the "United States" is a desirable thing. Many questions of social and political economy are more or less intimately connected with the extent of the surface of the different political divisions of the country, whether States, counties, or towns are the subjects of discussion. That the area of any region is not something which can be ascertained without any trouble, seems a statement hardly needing explanation; and yet it would appear, from the tone of many newspaper articles, that nothing but a little figuring is needed in order to arrive at a correct result. The fact is, that the areas of the different States of the Union which are given in our geographies, gazetteers, and official publications are only approximations; and that they are sometimes hardly that is shown by our being told now that the area of California is not so great by 32,261 square miles as has been generally stated and believed. A margin equal in extent to the whole State of Maine is a pretty large one! And the question naturally arises, If such a mistake, in the case of California, has been so long standing in our books, how is it with the other States? Are any of their areas to be enlarged or diminished by a few hundreds or thousands of square miles? To answer these questions, even in part, it will be necessary to begin by asking, Who is responsible for the figures which are now current? To this it may be replied, that the U. S. Land Office is the proper authority on this subject, at least for those States and Territories which belong to our Public Lands. And this would lead us to go to the Land-Office publications for information in regard to all the States except the old thirteen, and one or two others which were allowed to retain the ownership of their territory when admitted into the Union. To find out who is responsible for the computation of the areas of these older States would not be an easy matter. This much may be said at once, however: that there is not a State in the Union of which the area is accurately known, because there is not one which has been accurately surveyed. But to find out what the probabilities of error are, in the case of the older States, would be an extremely laborious task. It is known that their boundaries have been, in most cases, very inaccurately determined, and it would hardly be possible to hazard a guess as to what amount of error would be revealed when precise measurements and careful computations came to be made. In the case of the Mississippi Valley and Pacific-Coast States, there is no difficulty in getting a tolerable approximation to their exact area, wherever the Land-Office work has been extended so as to cover their entire surface. But it is only in the States bordering on the Ohio and the Mississippi that this has been done; further west these surveys, except in Kansas and Nebraska, are usually limited to small detached districts, which, all together, make but a small fraction of the whole area. Two or three of the States, however, are bounded exclusively by lines of latitude and longitude, and, of course, in these instances a close approximation to their areas can be obtained by simple com-

putation. For all the others we shall have to wait a long time before we know the exact number of square miles which they contain. There is no need, however, of any such gross error as that committed by the Land Office in reference to California; and this blunder was, long ago, pointed out and the correction made in several works published in that State. Mr. Hittell, in the second edition of his "Resources of California," published in 1866—the first is not at hand for comparison—gives 160,000 square miles as the area of the State; the second edition (1867) has the same figures. Mr. Cronise, in his "Natural Wealth of California" (1867), gives 158,687. The United States Land Office, therefore, while much to blame for allowing the erroneous figures of 188,981 square miles to remain so long on its books, cannot claim any merit for having, after so many years, made the surprising discovery that its previous result was 32,261 square miles out of the way. This last result of its labors—156,720, according to the *Advertiser*—differs only 1,967 square miles from that given by Mr. Cronise eight years ago. A repetition of the computation made at the Land Office is still extremely desirable, since the work which is done there has no reputation for accuracy; and no one at present can put any confidence in a result coming from that quarter in regard to which the methods and details are not given in full. And it must be added that the Coast Survey work in California is yet far from being finished, the charts published up to this time being, in large part, "preliminary" only. The main triangulation, even, is still far from being completed; and, until the coast-line has been laid down with accuracy, the area of the State can only be approximately given, even after the computation has been made according to the best methods and with the greatest care.

—We have been startled by receiving the "draft of a constitution," . . . for consideration and discussion by the citizens of the Centennial State," *i. e.*, Colorado. It is the production of a gentleman who, during the past twenty-five years, and while engaged in the active practice of the law, has "devoted himself to the investigation of legal and educational sciences, and to the work of legal and educational reform." It is a sad commentary upon the degree of estimation into which honorable public ambition has fallen to know that the author of this no doubt necessary work desires to publish it anonymously, for the purpose of rendering it impossible for even the most envious politician to "imagine in the author a possible rival for office." A number of the citizens of Colorado, however, have formed themselves into a committee for its publication, without making themselves responsible "for a single principle or opinion maintained or advocated in any part of the work." The constitution is in the main Benthamite, and contains many features rather novel in their character, as well as a good deal of phraseology of a sort that we do not often meet with in constitutional literature. The 4th article, for instance, is called "Ends and Means," and under the second head we are informed that "the means sought to be employed are: (a) the maximization of official aptitude, and (b) the minimization of expense," and that "rewards, charges, or punishment" imposed by law in violation of these among other principles, will be "declared void by the judiciary on all appropriate occasions"—a rather comprehensive announcement. All oaths are abolished by the Declaration of Rights, partly on the ground that "no Christian can take an oath without violating the express command of the author of his religion." Bills passed by the legislature are to be referred to the people for ratification in many cases, and the people in voting on the constitution are to give their proxies for the legislature, and any one receiving one thousand proxies becomes a member, while by a curious kind of minority representation "any person receiving more than five thousand proxies may transfer and distribute the excess to such respective persons as *he may think* will be most acceptable as the respective delegates of the persons whose proxies he respectively transfers; *provided*, that each such transferee shall (such transferred proxies included) be the holder of not less than one thousand proxies." The chief officer of the State is to be the "Minister of Justice," who is also to fill the office of President of the Supreme Court, and the author of the draft gives pretty conclusive evidence of his faithfulness to Benthamite principles by recommending that, "in place of the laws of evidence heretofore in force, the principles laid down in the 'Rationale of Judicial Evidence,' by Jeremy Bentham," be adopted "as the only rules of judicial evidence in force within the State of Colorado." This he thinks will be the only way in which the iniquities of the existing legal procedure can be done away. All "codes" heretofore adopted, he says, have been but palliatives of "monstrous wickedness," and as for that of New York, on which most of the new States have modelled theirs, he says that it "enabled David Dudley Field and 'Brother Shearman' to concoct their infamous plots by which Jay Gould and Jim Fisk stole railroads from their owners, while not one cent has been able to be recovered in all these years of the millions

stolen by 'Boss Tweed' from the people of New York." It is perhaps partly on account of this vigorous language that the more prudent fellow-citizens of the author decline to commit themselves to all his proposals.

#### THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF BIOGRAPHY.\*

MRS. FLETCHER'S life illustrates both the worthlessness and the worth, in an historical point of view, of ordinary biography. Any student who expects to gather from her autobiography a single new fact of any importance is doomed to disappointment, yet the hope for valuable information can scarcely be called unreasonable. Mrs. Fletcher was the Madame Roland of the Edinburgh Whigs. She, like the heroine of the Girondins, was married early in life to the grave, elderly, virtuous reformer whose main interest was the maintenance of a respectable though arid Liberal creed in the midst of a society which looked upon every Liberal as a Jacobin, and was inclined to check the progress of democratic principles by the use of social persecution. Mrs. Fletcher's great beauty, her keen sympathies, her ardent zeal for the public good, naturally made her the idol of the Liberals, of whose society she was the ornament, and obtained for her the good-will even of Tories, who, while they deplored her political heterodoxy, could not be insensible either to her feminine graces or to her moral worth. She thus during her youth and middle age saw and knew intimately most of the writers and politicians who were the glory of Edinburgh at the beginning of the century. Towards the close of her long life (she was born in 1780 and died in 1856) she was loved and admired by men and women, who saw in her the charming representative of a past age, the celebrities of which had become historical characters. Wordsworth, Jeffrey, Arnold, Carlyle, and Mazzini were among either the surviving friends or the younger acquaintance of her later years. To all this it must be added that she preserved till the end of her days the vivid interest in public life and the keen sympathy in the affairs of her friends which had distinguished her youth.

From such a woman, who had led such a life, it is surely not unreasonable to expect interesting reminiscences, but even the most moderate expectations will, as we have already intimated, be disappointed. Here and there throughout the three hundred and odd pages which make up the autobiography, it is possible, indeed, after careful search, to pick up one or two traits or dicta of celebrated persons which have some slight interest. Wordsworth's courteous remark in return for thanks on account of an act of kindness, "I always feel that those who receive a benefit kindly also confer a favor," is not only characteristic of the poet, but embodies a maxim which might well receive careful attention even from persons of generous nature. The letters in which Lord Jeffrey expresses his appreciation of Arnold's virtues and the kindness of his feeling to an old friend, betray a side of the critic's character which one might otherwise overlook. The history of Mazzini's friendship for Mrs. Fletcher, kept up as it was in spite of differences in political views, exhibits both of the friends in a most favorable light, and one or two of his letters given in the autobiography bear, like everything that extraordinary man ever wrote or said, the marks of his originality. But though it would be possible to pick out isolated reminiscences of more or less interest, Mrs. Fletcher's autobiography is singularly devoid either of interesting information, or of that peculiar fascination which is to be found in the unconscious sketch which autobiographical memoirs present of their author. Nor is the cause of these defects far to seek. Mrs. Fletcher was totally deficient in literary talent. The sympathetic feeling itself which enlisted the affection of her friends is not a quality easily compatible with critical discrimination. A lady who could write of Mrs. Brunton, the author of a dreary novel called, if we mistake not, 'Discipline': "To me she has as much surpassed the author of 'Waverley' in taste as she has in sentiment. Is it not more pleasing to soar than to sink almost buried in the mire?" may exhibit the strength of her moral sentiments, but betrays an utter want of critical taste. Readers who think it worth while to study the letter in which this estimate of Mrs. Brunton appears, will find no difficulty in accounting for the fact that Mrs. Fletcher, after associating on terms of warm friendship with some of the foremost men of the age, should have been unable to reproduce, in the whole course of her autobiography, a single lifelike portrait of any one of the persons who are the objects of her love or admiration. The dry intellectual correspondence of Miss Aikin and Dr. Channing has at least the merit of affording a sketch of each of the correspondents; Mrs. Gilbert's charming autobiography teems from beginning to end with pictures which novelists might be glad to borrow; but Mrs. Fletcher reproduces nothing but a record of

the esteem with which she was regarded by distinguished friends, whose virtues and talents were the object of her uncritical and sympathetic appreciation.

But this very autobiography, which contains neither information nor descriptions worth the attention of any historian, possesses nevertheless, partly because it is a very commonplace work, an historical value in which it is hardly possible that any genuine memoirs should be deficient. Its worth consists in affording an unconscious, an inartistic, and therefore a truthful picture of the spirit of the generation to which the writer belonged. History can tell, and ought always to tell, the events and transactions of an age; but no general history can portray the spirit which gives the tone and coloring to each successive era. This can be found in memoirs alone. Nor does it much matter for the historian's purpose whether the writer of a given memoir be a person of talent, or even whether he knows what are the events in themselves worth recording. All that is of importance is that he should really reproduce his own sentiments, and that these sentiments should be as far as possible the current commonplace feelings of his time. A writer who does this tells the sagacious investigator of the past exactly what such an enquirer wants to discover. The very remarks which the author of a diary omits to make are often as instructive as his set reflections. De Toqueville, for example, draws an important inference as to the feeling of a past century from the fact that a lady writing to her mother tells of some executions which would shock the humanity of modern times without giving the least sign that they excited any abhorrence in her mind; and inferences of this kind, if they be only made with caution, are certainly some of the most valuable as well as the most certain conclusions to be drawn from the records of the past. To an attentive reader Mrs. Fletcher's account of her life will appear singularly instructive in reference to the sentiments of an age which, though so little removed from our own, differed in many points in feeling and opinion from the present time.

To take one, and on the whole the most salient, example of our meaning—there is nothing more striking throughout the whole of Mrs. Fletcher's book than the intense public spirit, or, to speak more accurately, the extreme interest in politics, which prevailed in the circle to which she belonged. She describes Mr. Fletcher as a man who had devoted his life to the emancipation of Scotland from the vile system of irresponsible municipal government and Parliamentary corruption which disgraced and depressed it and made it a bye-word among its English neighbors. "This feeling," she adds, "was so strong in my husband's mind that it might be called his master-passion," and no one can doubt from the whole tenor of the book that this assertion was true both of Mr. Fletcher and of many of his friends. When he was almost at the point of death, he roused himself to drink the health of the Greek revolutionists. His wife's sympathetic nature reflected the enthusiasm of her husband and of his companions. The year 1831 was darkened to her by the heaviest domestic troubles, but it is quite clear that amidst all her suffering her spirit rose with the triumphs of Parliamentary reform. The most touching and most impressive sign of this fine public spirit is to be seen in a letter on the death of her son "in the freshness and beauty of his youth." It is just such a letter as the most loving and sorrowful of mothers might write. It ends with the remark, "I have much comfort in the reflection that he lived to see better prospects opening on his country, and that no action of his public or private life was unworthy of his father's son." The words we have underlined are the perfectly simple and natural expression of the feeling of one who entered heart and soul into a great public cause and wrote to friends who she assumed would share her patriotic interest. The sentiment was the natural sentiment of 1832. It is not the mere enthusiasm of an excited woman. Precisely the same tone is to be discovered in the private diary of a hard-headed Scotch lawyer like Lord Cockburn, or in the striking record which John Stuart Mill has left of the feelings excited by the Reform agitation among the Benthamite society who gathered round his father. Nor should it be supposed that this ardent political interest was confined to one school or party. The Tories who, with Scott, opposed reform were as zealous for what seemed to them the cause of their country as were the men who fought for reform under Brougham and Jeffrey. The point to note is not patriotism of the one party or the other, but the fact that keen interest in public affairs was the natural sentiment of the time. It was the natural sentiment of 1832 as certainly as in England, at least, it is not the predominant feeling of 1875. We may be pretty sure that no mother consoled herself for the death of a beloved son by the reflection that he had lived to see Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill pass into law. It is impossible not to recognize that, as regards interest in politics, a strange change has come over the public mind of England within the last forty years. A painful thought suggests itself that this alteration is due to a decline in public spirit. A man like Grote, whose life had been spent in the

\* 'Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher.' Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.



service of his country, though he saw the triumph of nearly every cause which he had advocated, indubitably felt at the end of his career that the triumph was marred by a fear that the public spirit by which it had been attained had more or less declined. It may perhaps be possible to show that the obvious change in sentiment is rather an alteration in the direction than a decline in the amount of zeal for the welfare of the state; but this is not a topic which we can at this moment consider. Our object is not to account for a revolution in sentiment, but to show that such a revolution can be traced in the pages of a very commonplace autobiography, and that the most ordinary memoirs are of supreme historical value, as preserving traces of those subtle movements of opinion which constitute what is vaguely described as a change in the spirit of the age.

#### RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.\*

NO period perhaps of modern history presents so many unsolved problems as that which we term the Italian Renaissance. In no other period is there such an immense distance between the real and the ideal, between the artistic products of the human mind and the state of society in which they were produced. When we gaze on the Holy Virgin and Saints of Fr. Francia and Perugino, it is hard to realize that these artists lived during the pontificate of Alexander VI. This is but one example of a dissonance which is felt throughout this period, but which is rarely expressed in contemporary works. We might read Ariosto, Berni, and all the rest of the brilliant band of *seicentisti*, and never dream that their Italy was a devastated, tyrant-ridden country, a moral pest-house. Boiardo alone takes leave of the reader in his unfinished poem with the words:

"Mentre ch'io canto, oh Dio redentore!  
Vedo l'Italia tutta a fiamma e foco  
Per questi Galli, che con gran furore  
Vengon per disertar non so che loco."

In fact, so boundless was the anarchy of that time that Gregorovius, in his recent work on Lucrezia Borgia, can remark with perfect truth: "If we should put a man of our own day, educated in the midst of our civilization, back into the period of the Renaissance, the daily barbarity which produced no impression on those who then lived would destroy his nervous system and perhaps drive him mad."

It is of this period of cruelty and courtesy, when Caesar Borgia planned the celebrated massacre of Sinigaglia, and Castiglione wrote his treatise on the courtier, that Mr. Symonds has undertaken to write not so much a complete history as a résumé of the most important facts in political history, literature, and art. The author was previously favorably known by a work on Dante and sketches in Italy and Greece, in which, if he did not display any great originality, he made good use of his materials and produced readable and valuable works. The same may be said of the volume before us, which is devoted to the political and social history of Italy during the Renaissance, and is really a series of essays on the Spirit of the Renaissance, the Age of the Despots, the Republics, the Florentine Historians, Machiavelli's 'Prince,' the Popes of the Renaissance, the Church and Morality, Savonarola, and Charles VIII. A second volume will treat of the Fine Arts and the Revival of Learning, and a third of Italian Literature. This arrangement, by which the work is separated into three parts, with the necessary compression of all or most of the historical details into one volume, is open to the criticism that it not only diminishes the interest in the whole, but either renders much repetition necessary or severs literature and art from the circumstances to which they owe their being and form, and so violates a well-recognized canon of modern criticism. However, Mr. Symonds has put together a large amount of valuable information: he seems to have read widely and judiciously, and to have consulted the latest authorities on the subject.

There is some difficulty in fixing the limits of the epoch of the Renaissance. Considered politically, the most interesting period is that embraced in the close of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth centuries, and it is to this period that Mr. Symonds devotes the greater part of his first volume. On the other hand, when the Renaissance is considered as the revival of learning, it is necessary to go back at least as far as Petrarch and Boccaccio, and a thorough method would establish the continuity between the Italy of Augustus and the Italy of the Medici. This part of his work the author will doubtless treat fully in a future volume. The petty princes from whom the 'Age of the Despots' takes its title—the Viscontis and Sforzas, the Malatestas and Dukes of Urbino, and even the Medici and Popes of the period, with one exception—arrest our attention in a much

slighter degree than do Alexander VI. and his son, Caesar Borgia, Savonarola, and Machiavelli, four men who are types of their country and age.

Precisely why the Borgias have acquired such interesting infamy it is hard to say. Gregorovius declares it to be their relation to the Church, which is their constant background, and it is the awful contrast between them and the Christian ideal which makes them demoniacal. Had Rodrigo Borgia never been Pope Alexander VI., he would have been forgotten long ago in the host of equally great sinners whom the Renaissance produced and cultivated. It is impossible to speak of Caesar Borgia without thinking of his panegyrist, the Florentine secretary and historian Machiavelli, and this connection of their names has been the punishment for the latter's sins. Mr. Symonds's treatment of Machiavelli is in the main just, although we do not think he gives him credit enough for the fundamental idea of the 'Prince,' nor for his services to his country—services so little appreciated and so ungratefully repaid. The question in regard to Machiavelli's 'Prince' has, it seems to us, been settled for some time, at least in Italy, where the admirable article by De Sanctis, in his 'Storia della Letteratura Italiana,' leaves nothing to be desired.

Machiavelli did not dream as Dante did of an ideal Italy (which perhaps is now realized), but he regarded his country as it was, and asked himself what was best for it, or rather what was indispensable to draw it from its abject condition. We must not forget that to him belongs the idea of a national militia, nor that he bitterly opposed the system of mercenary warfare which was ruining the country. He saw what Caesar Borgia had accomplished in the Romagna at the head of his own forces, and felt that he was the only Italian who had a clear object in view, towards which he marched with indomitable will; and Machiavelli's dream of an Italian prince who should crush the petty tyrants about him, drive out the foreign invader, and build up a powerful state like France or Spain, might in a measure have been realized had Alexander VI. lived a few years longer. It was not to be, however, and Italy had to wait during more than three centuries of misery for national unity. It is an interesting fact that the true import of Dante, Petrarch, and Machiavelli has been felt only since Rome became the capital of the Italian nation.

Another striking example of the dissonance mentioned above as existing during the Renaissance is the fact that the same society, the same Church, that produced Alexander VI. produced also Savonarola. Mr. Symonds adds nothing to what Villari has already told us in his admirable monograph on that extraordinary man. There is one dramatic scene in his life which we fear must be pronounced destitute of truth, although novelists will doubtless continue to make use of it. We refer to the death-bed of Lorenzo de' Medici, to which Savonarola is said to have been summoned, and where he made three requests of the Magnificent: "To have a full and lively faith in God's mercy; to restore what you have unjustly gained; to give back liberty to Florence." The story goes that the dying man assented readily to the first two requisitions, but at the third he turned his face in silence to the wall. Villari, after a careful examination of the authorities, thinks the story true, and one of the two latest writers on this period (Von Reumont, 'Lorenzo de' Medici') gives good reason for accepting the tale with caution; but the second (Capponi, 'Storia di Firenze') expresses a distinct disbelief in it. There are enough authentic dramatic incidents in Savonarola's career without this one, and he will always continue to be one of the most interesting figures of his age, of which he himself is not the least problem. In connection with this subject, Mr. Symonds gives an account of the religious revivals in mediæval Italy, and shows that they proceeded more from the heart than from the head. This was also the case with Savonarola's reforms and one cause of his ultimate failure.

#### GREEK AND ROMAN LIVING.\*

THIS book, of which the German original has long been favorably known, owes its existence to Karl Reimer, the publisher. Reimer, an active, stirring man, full of ideas and full of enthusiasm, and born with an instinct for divining the wants of the literary public, was on terms of intimate friendship with many of the leading philologists of his day. From conversations and intercourse with them he gradually conceived the idea of a book illustrating Greek and Roman life in a way different from any existing work. He applied to Professor Ernst Guhl, who had made a name by his work on Ephesus and by his 'Monuments of Ancient Art,' published in connection with Caspar. Guhl associated with himself Professor Wilhelm Koner. These scholars portioned out their work in two parts, and began

\* 'Renaissance in Italy. Age of the Despots. By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1875. 8vo. pp. xvi. 574.

\* 'The Life of the Greeks and Romans described from Antique Monuments. By E. Guhl and W. Koner. Translated from the third German edition by F. Hueffer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

in real earnest; but the good publisher did not live to see the book in which he took so hearty an interest finished, and a year after its publication Professor Guhl himself died, to the great loss of literature. The first edition, published in 1861, has been followed by two others in Germany, revised by the surviving editor.

In illustration of ancient life, great use has been made of monuments of art—architecture, sculpture, and painting. The 543 woodcuts with which the text is embellished are unequal in execution; the architectural engravings and views of places strike us as better drawn and better engraved than the representations of the human form. Compared with the first German edition, the impressions of the English-American book appear at a disadvantage. The plates are apparently worn, and, while some of the cuts have a dauby look, others are faint and somewhat weak. Still it must be acknowledged with gratitude that the illustrations supply an important want. Comparatively few people interested in antiquity have ready access to large libraries and archaeological works of the highest class; fewer still are so fortunate as to grace their own libraries with these expensive luxuries. Even photographs, which are beginning to play an important part in education, are tolerably expensive, and cannot be collected to advantage without some previous knowledge of the subjects. Another thing which cannot be too much commended is that the engravings are embodied in the text, and not packed away by themselves at the end. Everybody has heard of the student examined in geometry who began to say by rote, "Let A B represent the line," when he was brought up by the examiner. "But, Mr. Jones, hadn't you better refer to the diagram at the end of the book?" "Oh," said he, "what, cuts? Bless my soul, I never thought of looking for any cuts." Too many people are of this lazy turn of mind, and any one who has made much use of such inconvenient books as Müller's 'Archæology' will appreciate what a blessing it is to have the cuts in the page. As for the text—596 pages in the translation—it gives evidence on every page of care and thoughtfulness. It is not encumbered with the ponderous notes often found in German books, and mere hypotheses and doubtful conjectures are everywhere rigidly ruled out. The subjects follow each other easily and with a natural association. It is good reading for the general reader, as well as a good book of reference for the classical instructor or student. For the latter, the exact references at the end to the originals of the illustrations will be particularly serviceable.

We have said that Reimer's idea was to treat of classical antiquity in a new way. This is indicated in the Varronian-sounding title itself—'Life of the Greeks and Romans.' Naturally enough, the book touches on ground already occupied by the various branches of philological study and treated of in other books. Thus there is plenty of antiquities in it, public and private—the latter covering in part the same ground as Becker's well-known books, 'Charikles' and 'Gallus'; but it is not a manual of antiquities; plenty of archaeology, but it is not an archaeology; plenty of references to art, without its being in any sense a history of art. The two great nations are taken up separately, about the same number of pages being allotted to each. First of all comes the architecture, beginning with the temple; then its fittings, as altars, enclosures, etc. Next, walls, gates, towers; buildings of utility, aqueducts, harbors, bridges, roads. From the dwelling-house of the Homeric *anax* we pass over to the historic dwelling-house, and, lastly, to man's final dwelling-place—the grave. Then come other buildings and places of a public character, such as the palaestra and gymnasium, the agora, the stoa, the hippodrome, and the theatre. All this part of the book, the architectural, was written by Guhl. The rest, which describes interiors and the multifarious occupations, amusements, and interests of man, fell in the apportionment to Koner. We can only name briefly some of the prominent things treated: seats, couches, drawers, and boxes; vases and vessels; torches and lamps; dress; female life; the education of the boy; music; gymnastic and agonistic exercises; armor; the ship; the meal; the dance; theatrical representations; the sacrifice; death and burial.

The life of the Romans follows substantially the same order. Points of resemblance between ancient and modern life are occasionally hinted at in brief terms. Thus, p. 158, of fire-baskets: "such fire-baskets on poles are still used by night-travellers in Southern Russia." P. 152: "Several small kotylai, with covers to them, were sometimes combined and carried with one handle, similar to what we find amongst peasants in Central Germany at the present day"; "the Roman soldier carried the same weight which the Prussian soldier formerly carried," etc., etc. There is one passage, by the way, worthy of quoting, since it shows that one of the most familiar inventions of modern times was not unknown to the Greeks:

"In later historic times the chief purposes of road-building were com-

mercial traffic and festive processions. It is the worship of the gods which here again has given rise to art, and the holy ways were the first artistically constructed roads amongst the Greeks, connecting tribes and countries for the purpose of common celebration. Still, at the present time Greece is crossed by roads on which the grooves for wheels are hewn into the rocky ground. On these the holy vehicles, with the statues of the gods and the implements of worship, could be moved conveniently. Between these tracks the road was levelled by means of sand or pebbles. Where there were no two pairs of grooves, arrangements were made to avoid collisions" (p. 71).

The sense of the above passage is a little obscured by the punctuation and translation. The "still" in "still, at the present time" looks like an adversative particle; it is only a Germanism for "even at the present day" (*noch jetzt*). The last sentence, too, is badly translated: "Arrangements were made to avoid collisions." If we substitute for it "where there was not a double-track there were turnouts to avoid collisions," everybody will recognize the main features of the tramway or horse-railroad; and such a tramway is still to be seen in places between Athens and Eleusis.

Greek words in this book—both common nouns and proper—spelt in English letters generally conform to the fashionable spelling, which Grote's books and others have made familiar to the English reader. This is a matter of taste, and there is nothing to be said against it, but we must put in a modest plea for consistency. We find the Greek plural form "Dioskouroi" (for "Dioskouroi") and then "hoplomachi" and "Delphi." "Alpheios" is very well, "Alphæos" clearly wrong. "Peiraieus" and "Polyneikes" and "Poseidon" preserve the Greek diphthongs, which are smothered in "Phidias" and "Klio." "Bocotia" and "Euboea" and "propylaea" are Latinized, while "Aischines" has the Greek form. "Aeschylus," "Mykenae," "palaestrai," and "paedotribai" are hybrids, neither Greek, Latin, nor English. "Phaiakai" is an odd enough blunder for "Phaiakes." Especially in cases where a word is clearly anglicized is it advisable to halt; "Korinthos" is of course admissible, as a Greek name; indeed, even if it were written "Qorinthos" we should yield to the authority of inscriptions and coins. But we see no earthly reason for spelling the English words "Korinth" and "Korinthian." Consistency in this case would lead us a long way; and we are not quite prepared to spell all the derivatives of "Korinth" with a *k*, as we should be obliged in that case to write "kurrants" and "kurrant-jelly." It should be said that Greek words printed in Greek type are remarkably free from errors.

*Eight Cousins; or, The Aunt-Hill.* By Louisa M. Alcott. (Boston: Roberts Bros. 1875.)—It is sometimes affirmed by the observant foreigner, on visiting these shores, and indeed by the venturesome native, when experience has given him the power of invidious comparison, that American children are without a certain charm usually possessed by the youngsters of the Old World. The little girls are apt to be pert and shrill, the little boys to be aggressive and knowing; both the girls and boys are accused of lacking, or of having lost, the sweet, shy bloom of ideal infancy. If this is so, the philosophic mind desires to know the reason of it, and when in the course of its enquiry the philosophic mind encounters the tales of Miss Alcott, we think it will feel a momentary impulse to cry Eureka! Miss Alcott is the novelist of children—the Thackeray, the Trollope, of the nursery and the school-room. She deals with the social questions of the child-world, and, like Thackeray and Trollope, she is a satirist. She is extremely clever, and, we believe, vastly popular with infant readers. In this, her latest volume, she gives us an account of a little girl named Rose, who has seven boisterous boy-cousins, several grotesque aunts, and a big burly uncle, an honest seaman, addicted to riding a tilt at the shams of life. He finds his little niece encompassed with a great many of these, and Miss Alcott's tale is chiefly devoted to relating how he plucked them successively away. We find it hard to describe our impression of it without appearing to do injustice to the author's motives. It is evidently written in very good faith, but it strikes us as a very ill-chosen sort of entertainment to set before children. It is unfortunate not only in its details, but in its general tone, in the constant ring of the style. The smart satirical tone is the last one in the world to be used in describing to children their elders and betters and the social mysteries that surround them. Miss Alcott seems to have a private understanding with the youngsters she depicts, at the expense of their pastors and masters; and her idea of friendliness to the infant generation seems to be, at the same time, to initiate them into the humorous view of them taken by their elders when the children are out of the room. In this last point Miss Alcott does not perhaps go so far as some of her fellow-chroniclers of the nursery (in whom the tendency may be called nothing less than depraved), but she goes too far, in our opinion, for childish simplicity or parental equanimity. All this is both poor entertainment and poor instruction. What children want



is the objective, as the philosophers say; it is good for them to feel that the people and things around them that appeal to their respect are beautiful and powerful specimens of what they seem to be. Miss Alcott's heroine is evidently a very subjective little girl, and certainly her history will deepen the subjective tendency in the little girls who read it. She "observes in a pensive tone" that her health is considered bad. She charms her uncle by telling him, when he intimates that she may be vain, that "she don't think she is repulsive." She is sure, when she has left the room, that people are talking about her; when her birthday arrives she "feels delicate about mentioning it." Her conversation is salted with the feminine humor of the period. When she falls from her horse, she announces that "her feelings are hurt, but her bones are all safe." She certainly reads the magazines, and perhaps even writes for them. Her uncle Alec, with his crusade against the conventionalities, is like a young lady's hero of the "Rochester" school astray in the nursery. When he comes to see his niece he descends from her room by the water-spout; why not by a rope-ladder at once? When her aunts give her medicine, he surreptitiously replaces the pills with pellets of brown-bread, and Miss Alcott winks at the juvenile reader at the thought of how the aunts are being humbugged. Very likely many children are overdosed; but this is a poor matter to tell children stories about. When the little girl makes a long, pert, snubbing speech to one of her aunts, who has been enquiring into her studies, and this poor lady has been driven from the room, he is so tickled by what would be vulgarly called her "cheek" that he dances a polka with her in jubilation. This episode has quite spoiled, for our fancy, both the uncle and the niece. What have become of the "Rollo" books of our infancy and the delightful "Franconia" tales? If they are out of print, we strongly urge that they be republished, as an antidote to this unhappy amalgam of the novel and the story-book. These charming tales had, relatively speaking, an almost Homeric simplicity and "objectivity." The aunts in "Rollo" were all wise and comfortable, and the nephews and nieces were never put under the necessity of teaching them their place. The child-world was not a world of questions, but of things, and though the things were common and accessible to all children, they seemed to have the glow of fairy-land upon them. But in 'Eight Cousins' there is no glow and no fairies; it is all prose, and to our sense rather vulgar prose.

*The American Genealogist: Being a Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications containing Genealogical Information issued in the United States, arranged chronologically by William H. Whitmore. Third edition, revised and continued. (Albany: Joel Munsell. 1875.)*—Mr. Whitmore tells us in his preface that he has added more than sixty titles of works which should have appeared in the former edition (1868), and that he now names and reviews almost two hundred genealogies that have been published since 1867. We have gratified our own curiosity as to the progress of the passion for tracing family descent and relationships in this country in the following manner: In the last century Mr. Whitmore mentions but one formal genealogy (1771) and one tabular pedigree; in the first decade of the present century (1810), 1; in the second (1820), 4; third, (1830), 5; fourth (1840), 15; fifth (1850), in which interval the New England Historic-Genealogical Society was formed and the publication of its quarterly *Register* begun, 66; sixth (1860), 177; seventh (1870), 248; eighth (to date), 111. Our count is a little rough, and it includes a few duplicates, but we may say with substantial accuracy that since 1840 the annual average issue of genealogical works of some kind or other has been, in successive decades to 1870 inclusive, six, seventeen, and twenty-four, and that it seems probable that the present decade will show no falling-off. Regard for one's ancestry can hardly go further than the publishing of two genealogies a month, or, to take account only of works worthy of the name, we may even say one a month. At this rate it must soon be difficult, for any one of New England descent at least, to follow up the several lines without coming upon a printed work in which some one of them is described by a previous explorer. Among the New England States, Rhode Island has been most backward in the pursuit of genealogy, and, outside of Puritanism, whatever has been done has been almost accidental. Pennsylvania was among the earliest, with its Sharples 'Family Record' (1816), but, with a great wealth of material, it has done almost nothing since. Virginia calls for similar remark on the part of Mr. Whitmore, who, in praising a memoir on the descendants of Pocahontas, says: "When our Southern friends abandon their claims to superiority in respect to pedigree, and give us facts relative to the early colonists, we are ready to welcome them and to view them with no unfavorable eye."

Mr. Whitmore cannot abide and does not spare a notoriously false pedigree (like that of *Lawrence*, p. 251), and he has constantly to rebuke the

human weakness by which the makers of genealogies connect without evidence the American with some English line bearing the same name, and encourage the former to believe that they have a full right to use the coat-of-arms thus acquired. Elsewhere he has laid down the rule that "it is safest to assume that any given family here is *not* descended from any distinguished English family of the same name, now flourishing." Another and a more reprehensible folly grows out of the popular neglect of this rule, and that is the waste of time, energy, and money in the effort to secure English fortunes for the supposed American heirs. Columbus Smith, Esq., was kind enough in 1847-48 to make a search "in England for a property reported to belong to the Gibbises in U. S. A." He then acted as agent of the Acting Gibbs Association of Vermont; and he has since performed the same service for the Jennings Association (1863), the Willoughby Association (1864), the Brown (!) Association (1864), and many others, down to the Gibson Association (1869), to whom Mr. Smith "reports that Mr. A. B. Herrick has not found any fortune yet, but if it is there he thinks he will find it."

One of the most curious of genealogical freaks is that mentioned on p. 236—the *Davis Family Record* (1868), a monthly journal "intended to be a mode of collecting and publishing information about all families of the name, especially those in this country." After eight numbers had appeared, the editor, a Connecticut Yankee, got his eyes opened to the immensity of his undertaking, and the journal came to an end. The Davises are, in fact, numerous enough to hold simultaneously half-a-dozen of the family gatherings which have now become so common among us. The earliest instance of this peculiarly American custom that we find recorded by Mr. Whitmore (of course only as it gave rise to some publication) is the meeting of the descendants of Richard Haven, of Lynn, at Framingham, Mass., August 29, 1844. Since then the Howes, Lymans, Breeds, Tuttles, Clapps, and we know not how many other tribes of great fecundity, have assembled and afterwards published their proceedings, or paved the way for a fresh crop of genealogies. One hears of no bad results from such promiscuous reunions, and certainly the idea is a pleasant one and eminently democratic.

Mr. Whitmore's work shares with Mr. Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' the distinction of having each new edition put in type *de novo*, instead of being printed from stereotype plates with emendations and addenda. We should have been glad to see reprinted here the original Introduction to the 'American Genealogist,' but that is readily accessible in the second edition. The compiler's likeness prefixed to the present volume is an admirable specimen of heliotype portraiture.

*Catalogue of the Public Library of Quincy, Mass.* [The longer notes are by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, jr.] (Boston. 1875. 8vo.)—The art of cataloguing is making rapid strides. The early catalogues of the library of Harvard College would not satisfy a modern circulating library. Its present catalogue is a marvel of learning and skill. Town libraries, too, are finding that a meagre list of authors is far from satisfying their needs, even if combined with an ordinary subject-index. Two years ago, the Boston Public Library, in its class-list of History, Biography, and Travel, showed what can be done in the way of encouraging, directing, and improving the popular taste for reading. Elaborate notes under many subjects of general interest, and copious references to works and parts of works treating of those subjects, made it easy for any one to pursue courses of study. The public were not merely guided in their reading but stimulated to it. Many a man must have longed to follow up the lines of investigation presented in that class-list who, if he had never seen the volume, would not have thought of touching the subjects, would have merely read at random, or taken refuge in fiction. A catalogue is rather disheartening to the reader. The common dictionary catalogue, especially, is a mere collection of fragments, unconnected and all alike. There is no light and shade, nothing to fix the attention. Admirable as a help to one who goes to the library knowing what he wants, it makes no special provision for the more numerous class who merely want something to read, most of whom, however, would prefer, if they knew how, to "improve their minds" and "increase their stock of knowledge." Where shall such men begin, and when they have begun what shall they read next? In the Boston Public Library Catalogue, the notes catch the eye; they are entertaining reading in themselves; they promise a rich accession of learning to those who will follow their directions. Even indolent men will not always resist such offers. In June, 1874, the Superintendent's report showed that whereas in the previous six months the increase in the general circulation had been only 6½ per cent., the increase in circulation of historical works consequent upon printing this catalogue had been 134 per cent.

And now comes a better catalogue still. It is no discredit to Mr. Winsor to say so: Mr. Adams has used his ideas and improved upon them; the

next catalogue may improve upon Mr. Adams. The general plan is the same; but the Quincy Catalogue has gained much room for important additions by omitting imprints. Indispensable for a college library, a historical or scientific library, or even a large popular library, imprints are nearly useless for a town library. In place of them the present catalogue inserts such brief but meaning notes as *Illustr., Portraits, Fiction, Jew. Fict.*; or phrases explaining obscure or misleading titles, as "[Rebel View]" for Harrington's 'Inside: A Chronicle of Secession'; "[Journey to the South during the Rebellion]" for Lawrence's 'Border and Bastille'; "London Firemen," for Ballantine's 'Life in the Red Brigade.' So under Mary, Queen of Scots, we have Sainte-Beuve, C. A., 'English Portraits,' [Excursatory Sketch of Her Life]; Scott, Sir Walter, 'The Abbot' [Mary's Imprisonment at Lochleven Castle]—*Fict.*; Sterling, Elizabeth, 'Noble Deeds of Women' [Account of her Death]. There are many books whose titles are mere names, useless as a guide to their contents. Deficiencies of this kind are often supplied here, sometimes, perhaps, unnecessarily. Tables of contents, common now in all good catalogues, are given, and considerable "analysis"—that is, reference under subjects to topics discussed in certain books incidentally but not at sufficient length to justify the insertion of the book in the subject-list. But a new feature, at least for a town library, is the clue given to the valuable matter buried in periodical literature. There are nearly four thousand references to magazine articles, which is much the same to those who are looking up subjects as if four thousand volumes had been added to the library. The articles in our best periodicals are fully equal in ability and learning, and what is more, in readableness to our books; in fact, our books are in great measure republications of them; but they are ordinarily accessible only for desultory—that is, for the least valuable—reading. It may be doubted whether it was worth while, for such a library, to refer so much to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but the references to *Harper's Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Popular Science Monthly*, etc., are of undoubted value. It used to be said that after 'Poole's Index' to periodical literature was published, the volumes of magazines wore out twice as fast. The binder of the Quincy Library will probably soon find the periodicals coming to him for repair in much greater number than ever before.

But the most important feature is the notes. Under "England: History" will be found thirty-six notes on single works, not merely calling attention to those best suited for popular reading, but warning off all but "scholars and antiquarians" from writers like Bede, Froissart, Hallam, Bacon, whose works, however interesting and able, are certainly not the best with which an uneducated person can begin the study of English history. The notes generally, however, praise rather than warn or condemn, and this, we take it, is the best course. Notes in such a catalogue should not be made for every book, but only for the best, otherwise they will not be read. Dull books, immoral books, should be left in obscurity. Under a few worthless works which have achieved an unmerited unpopularity a brief protest may be made; it will probably be ineffectual; but it can do no harm to call the Mühlbach novels untrustworthy and the Southworth novels inane. Besides the separate remarks under England, there is a "Note by the Trustees" of 180 lines of very fine type, in which various courses of reading for different periods of English history are pointed out; and under every important subject is a similar sketch of the literature. The next step in advance for catalogues will perhaps be to print these courses of reading not as notes but as text—that is to say, not in a type so small as to be read with difficulty, but in larger type than the titles, very much as literary histories are printed with bibliographical lists appended to each section.

The money that the catalogue cost might have bought 2,000 volumes, but it is plain that 7,000 volumes read as these will now be are worth twice 9,000 used in the unintelligent, aimless way in which many town libraries are necessarily used. Why cannot some of these libraries which have little money to spend in printing procure a few copies of this catalogue, mark those books which they have—which ought to be numerous, for this is a well-chosen collection—and publish the list of all their books not in the Quincy Library as a supplement? It is noteworthy that catalogues, unlike dictionaries and encyclopædias, grow better towards the end. In this one the notes begin in the second quarter. The first part of the history catalogue of the Boston Public Library was reprinted with very considerable additions and improvements, having luckily been burnt up in the Great Fire during the printing; and a careful reader can see a considerable change of plan in the catalogue of the Boston Athenæum in comparing the first hundred and the twelfth hundred pages. The explanation is simple. Librarians learn their art by practising it—a fact somewhat in favor of the much-talked-of but not likely to be established School for Cataloguers.

*A History of England, for the Use of Schools.* By M. E. Thalhimer, author of 'A Manual of Ancient History,' 'A Manual of Mediæval and Modern History,' etc. (Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 12mo, pp. 287.)—We have already expressed so high an appreciation of Miss Thalhimer's histories that we need hardly do more now than say that this new one has in general the same excellences. In all of them the maps are good, and this is no exception, although we could wish those of Anglo-Saxon England and of Mediæval France a little larger and clearer. The illustrations are unusually good, being really designed to instruct and to cultivate the historical imagination. We should have liked, however, a larger proportion of genuine copies of ancient works (such as the Bayeux Tapestry), actual views (like that of Gibraltar, p. 212), and portraits. In connection with the title of Ethelred the Unready (p. 39), his "weak and inefficient policy" is mentioned, and he is spoken of as "never ready for action"; whereas the word really means "rede-less"—wanting in counsel. Macbeth (p. 46) is spoken of as a sheer usurper, while he appears to have been in fact of royal blood, and—before the establishment of fixed rules of succession—of about as good a title as Duncan himself. On page 29, Watling Street is given as the boundary between Alfred and Guthrun, which was the case only in the larger part of its course. In the account of Richard II., the student would hardly gather that he was, as Hallam says, of "arbitrary, dissembling, and revengeful temper." In the list of books recommended (p. 268) we cannot think the author especially judicious. Of course no list can include all desirable books, but the English volumes of 'Epochs of History' should by all means be included; for the purpose of this list we should include Stubbs's 'Constitutional History' rather than his 'Select Charters'; and Burton's 'History of Scotland,' Miss Yonge's 'Cameos from English History,' Palgrave's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' and Guizot's 'History of the English Revolution,' may well take the place of some that are given.

*Descriptive Anatomy of Typical Animals.* Prepared for the Guidance and Use of Students of Comparative Anatomy. By Henry S. Williams, Ph.D. (Yale). No. I. The Bones, Ligaments, and Muscles of the Domestic Cat. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875)—Numerous as are the manuals of comparative anatomy of every size, there is hardly a book extant which a teacher can put into the hands of his pupils to be used in any other way than as a book of reference. When we saw some time ago the advertisement of Dr. Williams's forthcoming publication, we hoped it might be the beginning of a series that would prove of practical utility to the average student. But the sight of the work has doomed us to disappointment. Instead of what all instructors are crying for—a series of not too minute monographs of "typical animals," giving a guide to dissection, a descriptive anatomy, and an intelligent homological commentary all in one—such a series, in a word, as would result if a bony fish, a dog-fish, a fowl, a cat, a frog, and a turtle were successively treated after the manner of Mivart's 'Common Frog,' only with the anatomy more developed, we have here merely a heliotype reproduction of Strauss-Durckheim's outline plates, with Dr. Williams's translation into Latin of his explanatory index. Considering the peculiarities of his nomenclature, and the fact that every little groove and tuberosity on the skeleton and every smallest ligament are numbered and named, this last was no light task. But whether it was a desirable one seems to us doubtful. Such minuteness is most apt to disgust the beginner, while the real student of comparative anatomy is almost sure to be working under circumstances which yield him access to the original and complete monograph. Once more, any one who will give us a series of works intermediate between the present one and the useless and execrable 'Elementary Lessons in Anatomy' of Mivart, will be a benefactor.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (C. F.), Address Delivered at Amherst, swd.....	(Hurd & Houghton) \$0 25
Adams (C. F.), Democracy and Monarchie in Frankreich, swd.....	(Stuttgart)
Albion (S. A.), Prose Quotations.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Alcott (Louisa M.), Eight Cousins.....	(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Cary (Prof. H.), Dialogues of Plato. New and Literal Version.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Cornell (Dr. W. M.), Handy Home Book.....	(Wm. F. Gill & Co.) 0 75
Daudet (A.), New Don Quixote.....	(Wm. F. Gill & Co.) 0 75
Edwards (Mrs. A.), Leah: a Woman of Fashion.....	(Sheldon & Co.)
Faber (Rev. F. W.), Hymns.....	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 2 00
Farquharson (Martha), Elsie's Womanhood.....	(Dodd & Mead)
Healey: A Romance, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Jones (C. H.), Abridgment of the Debates of Congress.....	(Henry Holt & Co.)
Katsch (A. E.), Under the Stork's Nest.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Keary (Annie), Castle Daily. International Series.....	(Porter & Coates)
Kenny (D. J.), Illustrated Cincinnati.....	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 1 50
Littell's Living Age. Fifth Series. Vol. XI.....	(Littell & Gay)
Lenormant (Madame), Madame Récamier and Her Friends.....	(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Macbeth (J. W. V.), Might and Mirth of Literature.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Roife (Wm. J.), Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith, with Notes.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Roe (Rev. E. P.), From Jest to Earnest.....	(Dodd & Mead)
Stone (Prof. S. J.), Knight of Intercession, and other Poems.....	(Rivingtons)
Spurgeon (Rev. C. H.), Lectures to My Students.....	(Sheldon & Co.)
Sand (George), Flammarande.....	(F. W. Christern)
Les Deux Frères, swd.....	(F. W. Christern)
Travesty: Treasure Trove Series, swd.....	(Wm. F. Gill & Co.) 0 75
Thomson (A.), Hand-Book of Scripture Geography.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 0 75
Talmage (Rev. T. De W.), Daily Thoughts.....	(Dodd & Mead)
Tyler (Prof. W. S.), Olynthiacs of Demosthenes.....	(John Allyn) 1 50



